Orlando

“Are you telling me that I need to go to one of those camps? And steal? Do you know how old I am?”

“Yes I know,” the man began. “But we really need food. Take these guns and use them wisely. Don’t mess up Felix.”

The twelve year old boy was absolutely flabbergasted. Having guns and robbing camps for food? That would be a dream. Or was he already in a dream…?

As soon as he looked out towards the endangered outside, the sun had fallen out the sky and a round circle light shone down in the night sky. The poor boy had longed for this night to come. Tomorrow was the day that Felix had to leave to go and get some food.

The boy was absolutely exhausted. He collapsed onto his bed. His eyes twitched. The moment he was about to rest, the care worker Wolfgang woke him up.

“Also, as you are the oldest, you will have to kill Adolf Hitler.”

“Is this a joke?” the boy replied, desperately gasping for his sleep.

“I’m afraid not.”

“Seriously why can’t you do it or at least let someone else come with me!”

“Ok fine then,” Wolfgang replied indignantly. “You can bring only one of your friends.”

“Why can’t I bring two frien-“Had the boy had taken it too far? He was just too inquisitive.

“I said ONLY ONE! HOW CAN YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT?!”

“Ok only one. But please let me get some sleep.”

“Fine. Be awake by 7:30 at the latest. You will leave at 8:30. Don’t let me down please.”

Finally the boy can get some sleep…

…Later on…

6:30 AM: Zzzzzzzz…..

7:31 AM: “OH NO! I AM ONE MINUTE LATE! I NEED TO GET READY!” he exclaimed.

8:30 AM: “So boys are you ready to go?

“Yes we are ready to go!”

“Stay safe!”

“We will. Bye!”

And the set off with an M9 pistol, Remaining 870, a sword which if it hits someone they will be set on fire.

They had no transport to get on. So they had to swim. And Felix could not swim.

His best friend John could swim. He had to teach Felix how to swim or he could drag Felix over the sea. Felix did not want to learn how to swim. And that left down to only one option. Dragging.

Several hours later, they were all trained up to go. They had to swim from near Dover to Gillingham to the camp. It was not too far away. It would take about 30 minutes for John to swim it.

Surprisingly, they arrived there in fifteen minutes! Even with Felix on John’s back the whole time! In front of them, there was a huge grand castle. There was a large building that stood in front of it that was in their path. “This must be the concentration camp that we are looking for!” John exclaimed, gasping for breath.  
“Yes!” Felix replied.

“Let’s go!” they yelled confidently together.

As soon as they got in the building, they were faced with tough obstacles in their path. This was both their strong points. Every single day, they would train for hours on end. But when the war started, they had sadly not been able to do this. So they could do it if they put their minds to it.

Firstly, there were some stepping stones that dissolve if you step on them. That means they would have to step on them together. But the thing is, if one of them fell, they would incinerated by the lava below. So they must not fall.

With a lot of courage, they began to start their journey just to get through this security. This would involve a lot of communication to do this. They do dissolve almost immediately.

“Are you ready?” Felix nervously said.

“Yes I am,” John replied confidently.

Reluctantly, they edged towards the first stone. Felix began to talk. “If I jump, you have to jump ok?”

“Ok” John was ready.

“The moment after I say three, you have to jump or you will fall to your doom.”  
John replied. “I will I promise.”

“Ok. This is it,” Felix began. “Three, Two, One. Jump!”

They both made it. Their teamwork was outstanding. Before they both knew it, they were past the stepping stones!

“We did it!” they yelled.

John continued to talk. “Now all we have to do is get into the camp without anybody seeing us. Whoa! More obstacles? Come on!”

“We need to get to the camp so we have to do this!” Felix determinedly said.

There were some logs that moved from one place to another. Then were some steps which dropped bombs unless the King was walking up the steps. They did not have to do it together because there was more than one log. They had to jump accurately. It did involve a lot of skill. “Let’s go!” they enthusiastically.

They decided that Felix should go first. Then John. As Felix approached the log, he waited for some time so that he could calculate the exact place and how far to jump. Once he had calculated, he leaped to do the jump. He almost jumped it too far. He just about made it. Balance was the key for this. He jumped again onto the next one. He had made it.

John came right after him. He leaped to make it back onto the grass in front of the tomb but didn’t quite make it. Felix ran bag to drag John back. But sadly, he could not hold on for any longer. He did not make it. “NOO!” Felix yelled. He had to do this alone.

Bombs were rapidly flying down the grand staircase that lead to the tomb. He needed to make sure he stayed alive. John had lost his life. He could not be next. So he had to make sure he made it. He was pretty sure that this was the last obstacle. So he had to make it count.

He ran up the first few stairs and a bomb flew down at him with a lot of speed. Like it was nothing, he was dodged it with a lot of agility. He sprinted before another bomb could block him in his way. He had made it.

“Yes!” he yelled. “All I have to do it make it past ALL THESE OBSTACLES!” Once again, he was fooled with the obstacles. This camp’s security level was set extremely high. This should stop any robber. Any intruder but Felix. John had fallen into the traps. So would he be next?

There were some lasers that laid upon Felix and the next obstacle. These were not any old lasers. These lasers would shock you to you death.

The boy ran at some speed towards the first laser. He flipped over the low ones and rolled and crawled under the high ones. The lasers smoked up as the boy zoomed past them. Now the lasers stood still behind him.

The final obstacle for sure had arrived. There was a rock climbing wall that was super high. If he fell, it would be high enough to break a bone or even die. So he had to be really careful.

He had put his first hand on a rock and then followed by hi leg. The poor boy almost lost his footing. Rocks were dissolving like quick sand. He had to make it and fast.

He pulled himself up when he last rock dissolved. He barely made it.

“Yes I mad it!” he yelled. “No more obstacles. Now I need to do what I truly came to do. Steal these items. Food and drink. The only way he could steal was to injure and kill. He had to do it the hard way so he could get what they wanted.

He entered with the swords still in the sling on his back. The gun was already in his hand to fire. He dressed up as a Nazi so he could be disguised. He would be in trouble if he was caught.

He ran through to where all the fruit was stored. He took a lot of food. He left a little left. He took off his Nazi outfit.

“Excuse me! What are you doing?” came a voice.

Felix turned around “Nothing...” he replied.

“You are going to be arrested. Come with me.”

With despair, the boy dragged his feet along the rugged floor towards the prison cells. The wealthy man was strolling triumphantly. He had done it. His mission was over. He failed. Unless he could escape form the camp…

“So, “the man began, “Where are you from? Are you a Jew?

Felix was a Jew. He said nothing

The man boomed again. “I said are you a Jew. I am deciding whether to kill you or not.

“I’m not a Jew,” the poor boy lied to him.

“Good,” the man replied. “I will kill you later.

The boy looked down as a tear slowly rolled down his cheek. He had longed to go to prison. It wasn’t his fault that he had been sent from a shelter during a pandemonium war to go and steal some food from a concentration camp. He hoped that he could escape from these nasty people and be free once again. He had to make sure that he made it back with at least a little bit of food. If he made it back empty handed, he would probably be kicked out the shelter and would have to try and make sure that he could survive with no food. Or he could steal it.

Felix had been thinking what he should do. Should he escape? Or should he escape and bring some food back? Or should he just obey the rules and sentence a week in prison and then being killed. Any way would be risky. If he just did nothing, he would be killed. He had to accept that he had done nothing wrong. So he would stay till the day that he was meant to be killed (four days’ time) and escape then.

The day that he had dreaded for quite a while had come across to him. He climbed through the tiny gap near the wall and the window and jumped on the soft green grass below.

“Right “the man entered the room he was just in. “Time to get killed. Wait. Where is the boy?

The people in the room shrugged.

“Oh ok. Anyway. Come with me.”

The boy ran as far away from the shelter and the camp as he could. He stopped at a open field. Luckily, the field had a lot of food there and he survived for a long time by eating all those fruits and vegetables on the field. There was still plenty of food when he was old! He lived peacefully and joyfully for the rest of his life. He couldn’t see himself getting killed…

However as Felix was having an awesome time, the war had ended. The shelter was still waiting for him to return for all the goods he owed them. “That boy! He doesn’t deserve this! He will soon!” Wolfgang’s final words.

“The kids (who were now adults) wanted to find Felix. Just for Wolfgang.

“You know what? Let’s find that boy and give him what he deserves!”

They found a man who looked like Felix chewing some food.

“Are you Felix?” one of them asked.

“Yes”

“You’re coming with us. Turn around.”

“Ok” he repiled.

Sadly, the pulled a gun and shot him. That was the end of Felix. They did it. Just for Wolfgang.

THE END